

EPI TA

Nobilissimi HENRICI, &

Liberorum, perillustis, nec non erudi-

Antiq: *Durnovaria*, vel *Dunii-Durotrigensium*, &c.

Marchionissæ, conjugis

MEMORII S

Siste pedem, spectesque præcor memorabile Bustum
Pignora quod parvâ bina recondit humo.

Aspice *Filiolum* dulcem, suavemque *Puellam*,

Abstulit immiti Quos *Libitina* manu.

Ille, *Henricus* erat pulcher; pulchra illa *Maria*,

Ambo Decus *Matris*, Deliciæque *Patris*.

Ambo stirpe *Pares*, ex Quorum Gente, *Dynastas*,

Fasque erit *Augustos* commemorare *Duces*.

Petræpontiacæ fuit hic *Pons-saxens* undæ;

Tremovilliacis illa reluxit *Avis*,

Nomina celsa quidem cunis, *Praconis* honorum

Nescia, Prosapiis nobilitata suis.

Sed proh fata nimis crescentibus invida fertis!

Fulguraque æriis exitiosa Jugis!

Garrula fasciolas nam vix *Ætatula* primas

Liquerat, & lepidos cuderat ore sonos

Quam silet exanimis, primæque in limine lucis

Cogitur ad nigras appropere Domus,

Sic (Titanis honos) *Aurora* obnubitur ortu,

Retrogradisque ruit versa quadriga rotis:

Sic citò collapsis languescunt *Lilia* culmis,

Quæ modò *Lacteolas* explicuere comas,

Et quæ mane novo rubuere *Rosaria*, Pallent

Vespere, Primitiis immoritura suis..

Ludicra proh vitæ, cecis que obnoxia fatis

Stamina / *Nimbifero* mobilia noto,

Unde hominum concussa *Salus*, ceu vana faceffit,

Bulla, procellosis irrequieta vadis.

PHIUM:

Nobilissimæ M A R I Æ

tissimi Herois, *Henrici Marchionis Dorcest:*

Et Heroinæ Spectatissimæ KATHARINÆ,
perquam charissimæ, &c.

CONSECRATUM.

Stay and behold this Tomb, which keeps in trust,
The treasur'd Reliques, and contracted Dust
Of two sweet Babes : A Son and Daughter hurl'd
In haste from hence, unto another World.

Fair Harry, and fair Mall, both Girl and Boy,
The Mothers Darling, and the Fathers Joy.
Both Peers in Birth, from whom, loud Fame may quote
Authentick Dukes, and Princes of high Note.

He was the Bridg to Pierreponts mighty Flood
Of Titles, she sprang from Tremoolian Blood ;
Names, so Innately Noble, that they ne'r
Ow'd ought to Fortune, for the Port they bear,
But oh ! the Fates are stern, and Envy still,
Like Lightning hovers on the highest Hill.

For scarce alone these pretty Weanlings coo'd
Wander, and prattle, to be understood ;
But doom'd to silence, in their Dawning-morn,
Did cease to Be, as soon almost as Born.

Thus fair Aurora oftentimes doth shroud,
And Mask her Beauty in a fullen Cloud :
Thus Milk-white Lillies, ere the Evening loose
That Candor, which the Morning did infuse ;
And Roses rob'd too of their blushes, moan
Thus, to be blasted, ere they were well blown.

Frail, flitting Life ! obnoxious to the blind
Errors of Chance ! unstable as the wind,
With which 'tis toss'd and loss'd, like some poor vain
Bubble, o'th' Billows of the angry Main.